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FREAK RUBBER TREES.

Revolted Against Parasites and Killed Them Off.

Some years ago a big planter in the Congo abandoned a rubber tract of several hundred miles which had become infested with the parasite of the region. All the trees drooped and died down to the roots, only those surviving. Part of the trunk under the inner bark continued to yield the rubber milk, as usual, but the fluid was found to be thoroughly poisoned and apparently useless. A visit to the abandoned tract some years after the blight had fallen showed, to the amazement of the owner, that the trees had taken on a new life. When the milk was tested he found that it made rubber of a superior quality, and now brings the highest price in the market. Apparently nature had revolted against the destructive insects and with their poison the trees had inoculated themselves against further affliction of the kind.

Industry Aiding Science.

The debt of industry to science has often, and very properly, been proclaimed; but now the reverse is announced. The National Electric Lamp Association has established at Cleveland a physical laboratory, which the director, Dr. E. P. Hyde, declares has for its object the development of science rather than the improvement of an industrial commodity. In this respect it differs from the many laboratories that have in recent years been established in connection with large manufacturing concerns. Among the objects of research will be the laws of radiation and the radiant properties of matter, and the effects of light and its attendant phenomena on the eye, the skin, and microscopic organisms. A corps of investigators is being formed.

The Englishman in a Groove.

In England nine-tenths of the lads of the middle classes look forward to nothing more than a seat at an office desk with a certain number of shillings a week for a certain number of years. To attempt to do anything else would be to run the risk of social ostracism. A young man may loaf respectably on his family. But he must on no account start a business if it involves selling anything or producing anything with his hands. That would be bad form. It would be getting outside the groove. Thus for the great mass of the people England holds no romance. The lad who thinks he could do something is discouraged. Every class distinction is so definitely marked. The whole weight of public opinion is against the smallest divergence from the ordinary rule.

Air-Springs.

Mrs. Archibald Sharp described at a recent meeting of the Institution of Automobile Engineers in London his system of air-springs for road vehicles. As applied to the saddle pillar of a bicycle, the apparatus consists essentially of a vertical cylinder with a piston or plunger, made to work air-tight by a specially constructed "mitten," and supporting the weight of the rider. The same device has been applied to motor-cycles, and experiments have been made with a light motor-car. On the front fork of a heavy motor-cycle the "life" of the "mitten" covered from 2,000 to 5,000 miles, but on a back spring fork it was only equivalent to 1,000 miles. The effect of the air-springs is described as luxuriously comfortable.

Fortunately Situated.

Mrs. Hammond was willing to pay a fair price for work, but she did not intend to be cheated. "I should like to know how it happens that your boy Terry charges me fifty cents for mowing my lawn, when he does Mrs. Porter's, and there is no reason why he should be twice as long mowing it."

"Well, now, as to that 'mam,'" said Mr. Halloran, transferring his gaze to her gloves, "you see Mrs. Porter's house faces the baseball grounds, and she hires Terry always of a Wednesday or a Saturday to come to her place at one o'clock, 'mam, and the game begins at half past two, 'dya see? 'Twould be a queer lad that wouldn't hurry a bit with that chaunt to his hand, now wouldn't it?"

The Moral Law.

The passage indicated is not from Kant, but may be found in James Martineau's "Study of Religion," and in full reads as follows: "The rule of right, the symmetries of character, the requirements of perfection, are no provincialisms of this planet; they are known among the stars; they reign beyond Orion and the Southern Cross; they are wherever the Universal Spirit is, and no subject mind, though it fly on our track forever, can escape beyond their bounds."

The Sergeant's Opportunity.

"If ye please, sergeant," Punch makes the raw recruit say, "I've got a splinter in me 'and."

"What ye been doin'?" demanded the sergeant. "Strokin' yer 'and?"

Rate at a Dollar a Dozen.

The Paris flood drove swarms of rats from sewers, and rat-catchers made big money shipping the live rat at a dollar a dozen to dog pits in London.

Estimated.

Kutcher.—What is Smith's idea of himself?

Bocker.—He doesn't think anybody else can do a thing he can do, and he doesn't think anybody else can do a thing he can't do.

Intermittent Cause.

"My husband is ill in bed this morning," said the wife of the railroad magnate. "It's a periodical attack," she added, pointing to the latest number of the Muckrakers Magazine.

Contented.

"Helen," said her mother, "if you are naughty you can't go to heaven."

"Well," said Helen, "I can't expect to go everywhere. I want to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' once, and to the circus twice."

WANTED TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Woman, Twice Deserted, Didn't Mean to Take Any Chances.

The officers of the South print bureau were just wishing for something interesting to turn up when a telephone message offered timely diversion. A woman was speaking.

"Do you make prints of anybody's thumbs except criminals?" she asked.

The bureau did.

"Well," said the woman, "if I will come down there right away with a man will you make a print of his thumb?"

The bureau would. The man and the woman came.

"We want his thumb prints for identification," said the woman. "We are going to be married to-morrow. He is my third husband. The other two ran away and I had the hardest kind of a time to find them because there was no sure way of identifying them. They say thumb prints can never change and that a man can be tracked by them to the ends of the earth. I hope I shall never have to use them, but it is just as well to be on the safe side. Will you make them?"

The bureau did.

The Battle of the Engines.

During 1910 it is expected that strenuous efforts will be made to improve the already great efficiency of the gas-engine. Although this form of engine enjoyed a triumph in 1909 through the achievements of the aeroplanes, yet it is pointed out that its old rival, the steam-engine, at the same time greatly advanced in fuel economy, achieving a thermal efficiency of 19 per cent., a figure hitherto associated with gas rather than with steam-engine tests. It has recently been discovered that, owing to erroneous assumptions, the gas-engine has not been credited with having approached as close to the theoretical limit of thermal efficiency attainable by the prevailing four-stroke cycle, as it really has approached. Thus it has been shown that a gas-engine which by the old standard of efficiency was supposed to have attained 39 points out of a possible 35. This leaves so little room for improvement that experimenters are turning their attention to radical changes in the method of operation which will afford a larger margin for advance.

A Merited Rebuke.

At the age of eighty-six Madam Reynolds still found much zest in life, and having retained all her faculties, she felt that a few of the physical disabilities of her age were of small account and portending nothing. Her nephew Thomas was a man of much worth, but of a certain tactlessness of speech which always roused the ire of his aunt.

A few weeks before the old lady's eighty-seventh birthday, Thomas, who had been overweighted with business cares for years, started on a trip round the world which was to consume two years.

"I've come to say good-by," he announced, when he appeared at his aunt's house, in a town fifty miles distant from his home. "I'm starting round the world next week, and as I'm to be gone two years, and perhaps longer, I thought I might not ever—well, you understand, I wanted to be sure to see you once more."

The old lady leaned forward fixing him with her bead-like eyes.

"Thomas," she said, imperatively, "do you mean to tell me the doctor doesn't think you'll live to get back?"

English Mail Routes.

The first record contained in our Colonial history of any kind of mail service dates from 1676, when the court in Boston appointed Mr. John Hayward to "take in and convey letters according to their direction." In December, 1716, arrangements were made to receive letters in Boston from Williamsburg, Va., during four weeks of the Summer time and eight weeks in Winter. In 1738 Henry Pratt was appointed "riding postmaster" for all routes between Philadelphia and Newport, Va., to set out in the beginning of each month and return in twenty-four days. Postage stamps were first introduced into the United States in 1847.

No Encouragement.

The family had stood the long strain of Uncle Hobart's illness well, but the peculiarity of the physician, chosen by the Hobart himself, had been, to say the least, trying. "Do you really think he will recover, Doctor Shaw?" asked the oldest sister of the invalid, who had borne with his vagaries patiently for years.

"I know how you feel, with Thanksgiving coming on and all," said the doctor peering at her from under his shaggy eyebrows, "but it's too soon to tell. He may get well, and then again, he may not; I can't encourage you yet—either way."

Male Nurses.

The Duke of Argyll, speaking to army and navy male nurses, said it was rather the fashion among some ladies to think a man who talked about nursing was trenching upon woman's department. Anybody who had read an account of a naval battle would not want woman nurses on board a battleship in time of war.

Still Time.

A long-haired man walking along the street met a little boy, who asked him the time.

"Ten minutes to nine," said the man.

"Well," said the boy, "at nine o'clock get your hair cut." And he took to his heels and ran, the aggrieved one after him.

Turning the corner, the man ran into a policeman, nearly knocking him over.

"What's up?" said the policeman.

The man, very much out of breath, said: "You see that young archie running along there? He asked me the time, and I told him 'Ten minutes to nine,' and he said, 'At nine o'clock get your hair cut.'"

"Well," said the policeman, "what are you running for? You've got eight minutes yet."

SILVER LAKE

Dr. Smith and family of Philadelphia are at the club house for a sunning outing. They visited Port Jervis Sunday having made the trip in their automobile.

Joseph H. Bromley wife and son J. H. are at their camp for the summer.

M. De Turn of "Turn Villa" spent a day last week in this place.

Thomas Firth accompanied by his mother came up from the city in their auto on Saturday, and are spending an outing here.

Mr. Norton, wife and son of Germantown recently spent several days at the club house.

Miss Emma Van Campen of Milford is assisting her father at the club house.

Judge A. M. Butler and wife of Philadelphia are at their camp for the summer vacation.

Joseph H. Bromley, Jr. and wife arrived Saturday for a short stay at the lake.

Robert Armstrong of Germantown is spending several weeks here.

Mrs. Edmonds of Philadelphia is spending a month with her parents at Lenni Lenape Lodge.

James McNeil of Philadelphia is here for a few weeks.

WHERE PAT DREW THE LINE.

No Man with a Face Like That Could Work with Him.

Pat had been at work for three days digging a well, and as the foreman wanted it finished within the week he had promised Pat another man to help him. It was getting on for 11 o'clock and Towser the foreman's bulldog, was looking over the edge of the pit when Pat said to himself, "Smoke-o."

He had just filled his pipe, and was about to light it when he glanced at and beheld Towser's handsome features.

Slowly removing the pipe from his mouth, he said: "Be-e-egorra, Ol'v, wor-ried wid Germans and Hungarians, and Ol'v wor-ried wid Ol'v Ol'v and narygers, but if a man wid a face like that comes down here to work beside me, I gets up."

What They Said About His Story.

His Fellow Contributors — Must have an awful pull with the editor to get this junk accepted.

A Reader of the Magazine—What's the use of clerking? I believe I'll take up authorship myself.

His Finances—Doesn't Harold write just wonderfully? I'm sure his work will live with Shakespeare's.

The Author Himself—It's a mighty fine piece of first-class fiction. I'll be the editor was glad to get my stuff.

The Editor—I know it's rotten, but what can I do when copy is coming in slow? I've got to fill up with some thing.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE FOX.

Apparently Able to Distinguish Between Real and False Dangers.

The intelligence of the fox is often shown by the way he refuses to be headed when he has made up his mind as to the safe course to take. The West Somerset have an excellent fixture at Killy, but it has one drawback—the sea is not far off, and foxes naturally often make for the cliffs, a secure refuge. A fox can be easily headed at times, but that is nearly always when to be seen would betray him to his enemies, the hounds and give them an advantage; but when he makes his point the advantage is on his side, then nothing will turn him.

To return to the West Somerset at Killy: they found a fox, and the whippersnapper, feeling that the fox meant to go to the cliffs if possible, started to head him off. The ground was open, and for half a mile the whippersnapper and fox were taking parallel lines, the fox clearly meaning to slip by and find a refuge in the cliffs. The man turned the fox away at last, but in a short time the hounds lost him, and I believe he got back after all.

Again the master ranged up some of the field to prevent another fox going back into a certain covert. In vain whips were rattled against saddle flaps; the fox went right through the watchers and made his point. It is a thing I have often noticed both with stag or fox, that the quarry seems to distinguish between real and false dangers.—London Globe.

FRENZIED FINANCE.

What a Kansas Man Alleges He Saw Pulled Off.

Here is an incident that a Chautauque man tells as having occurred in a certain Kansas town. He was in the ticket office and watched the proceedings.

A man came up to the window and asked for a ticket to Kansas City, inquiring the price.

"Two twenty-five," said the agent. The man dug down into a well-worn pocketbook and fished out a bill. It was a bank-note for \$2. It was also all the money he had.

"How soon does this train go?" he inquired.

"In fifteen minutes," replied the agent.

The man hurried away. Soon he was back with three silver dollars, with which he bought a ticket.

"Pardon my curiosity," said the ticket seller, "but how did you get that money? It isn't loan, for I see you have disposed of the two-dollar bill."

"That's all right," said the man. "No, I didn't borrow. I went to a pawnshop and soaked the bill for \$1.50. Then as I started back here I met an old acquaintance, to whom I sold the pawn ticket for \$1.50. I then had \$1 and he has the pawn ticket for which the two-dollar bill stands as security."

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Iron Bed Steads \$4.50, \$6.50 and \$8.50
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Matting \$.25. Carpet \$.35 to \$.70 a yd.

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Old Penn Whisky, 75c quart, \$2.75 gallon is the finest whisky for its price in the world.

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